

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Resignation.

There are wrongs that cannot be righted ;
There are crosses that must be borne ;
There are duties that cannot be slighted ;
There are thorn-crowns that must be worn.

There are griefs that cannot find comfort,
And wounds that cannot be healed ;
There are sorrows so deep in the human heart
They cannot be half revealed.

But, oh ! let us carry our crosses,
We carry them not alone ;
Let us tread over earth's rough places,
Even as Christ has done.

Let us bury our bitter sorrows
Deep in His Sacred Heart,
And think what a blessed thing it is
To have in His Sorrows a part.

Let us think of the wrong He suffered,
Let us think of the cross He bore ;
Let us think of His weary journeys,
Let us think of the crown He wore.

Surely the pain and the sorrow
Christ chose for Himself must be best,
Let us follow Him, then, in the way of the cross ;
'Twill lead unto heaven's sweet rest.

MR. BARNES'S WILL.

A great many stories have been told about wills.

In fact, if it were not for the lost wills, the forged wills, the stolen wills, and the wills that have turned up just at the right moment to avert untold misery, the storehouse of fiction would have "space for sale."

I therefore feel that in telling still another tale about a will I am imposing on a long-suffering public. I fully understand that it would be only natural for the people to say :

"Look here, we are sick of wills; especially those in which we are not mentioned. If you must tell something, tell it about love adventures, hair-breadth escapes or desert islands, and let wills alone."

But there are two things that lead me to defy popular opinion and tell this story anyhow. One is that it is really isn't half bad, and the other is that both Robbins and Fox have asked me to make the matter public, so that they will be set right in the eyes of the community.

Only last week Robbins came to me and said :

"Perkins, that business about old Barnes's will is a first-rate joke on Fox, and I don't see why you don't write it up for the papers. You needn't mention me in it at all, you know, except enough to correct any false impressions."

"All right," said I. "If it will please you I will do it, of course. As you say, it's an elegant joke on Fox."

Night before last, when I was down at the Octopus Club, Fox drew me into a corner and said in a confidential whisper :

"Perkins, why don't you print that thing about old Barnes's will, and show up Robbins? It is a mighty good thing on Robbins, and if you tell it right it will make people laugh. The facts ought to be known anyhow."

I said : "Fox, I've been thinking about that myself, and I've concluded to do it."

"That's right," said he, as we strolled down stairs to take, on Fox's invitation, a cold bottle.

"That's right, and if Robbins finds out you're doing it and tries to make you stop, tell him to go to thunder."

Both Fox and Robbins are bookkeepers by occupation, Fox working for a wholesale grocer out on Front street, and Robbins being engaged in a gigantic hardware emporium, where he is obliged to rein his poetic fancy and keep his mind fixed on nails, stoves, flat irons and others vulgar necessities. It is only once a year, and then for but the short space of some fourteen days, that they are able to escape from the bonds of business and give free scope to the reckless fancies with which they are endowed.

By an ingenious system of swapping with their fellow employees they generally manage to secure their vacations at the same time, and then go to just as far away from home as their pocketbooks will permit, in order that they may pose as two prominent young plutocrats, at a minimum risk of detection. They have confessed to me that they find this propensity an expensive one, and that its gratification entails a great deal of self-denial during the evil and uneventful fifty weeks which they are

compelled by a cruel destiny, to spend upon their native heath. It seems only fair to suppose, therefore, that their holiday comprises a very vivid and entrancing fortnight as it recompenses them for so much.

Last summer they went, on the urgent suggestions of Robbins, to Bar Harbor. Robbins said he had heard a great deal about that place, and he wanted to see if it was what it was cracked up to be. It had a nobby sort of a name, anyhow, and he believed it would sound first rate for Fox and himself to say they summered there. If it didn't come up to expectations they could take a run down to Newport or Cape May, where they would be pretty sure to find some society that was congenial. Fox having no violent predilection for any other place, they looked up their rooms, hid the key where neither they nor anyone else could by any chance find it again, flourished five months' salary beneath the impassive glare of the ticket agent, and went.

II.

They hadn't been gone more than a week when I received a letter, of which Robbins had written one-half and Fox the other, in which they said that Bar Harbor was a bang up place, full of elite people like themselves, and that although they had at the date of writing been there only a day and a half, they had already been social lions at a reception, bathed with a man worth \$16,000,000, and rescued a bank president from drowning.

This last item had a ring of heroism about it which conflicted with my preconceived notions of Fox and Robbins. It subsequently proved, however, that they had saved a man, and the president of the Surplus National Bank at that, from an untimely death in the water. It seems that this old gentleman, whose name was Barnes, William Barnes, had in some way got out of his depth, and was going down in the conventional way for the third and last time, when Robbins, who is first cousin to the Washington monument, and can wade around where an ordinary man would be completely under, rushed up to him and dragged him to the beach.

There Fox, who had been reading a book called "How to Resuscitate the Partially Drowned," blew down his throat, jerked his legs and arms punched him in the stomach and smacked him all over with a shingle, until the man, in sheer desperation under these indignities, recovered. He was very grateful, as was only natural, and told Fox and Robbins that he could see it would be an insult to offer them money (for which keen perception they privately cursed him), but he gave them each a diamond ring, and strongly hinted that he would remember them further at some time or another.

He invited them to his house, introduced them to his family, which was not extensive, as it consisted of one daughter, and so turned their heads by his little efforts to show his gratitude that they became mere bundles of unmitigated conceit. At the imminent risk of losing their situations and forfeiting their only earthly means of support, they prolonged their vacation two weeks beyond its proper limits, Fox telegraphing to the grocery and the hardware store that Robbins was afflicted with a high fever and that he was nursing him, and that he would bring him home at the earliest possible moment ; a condition of things that did not coincide well with the healthy glow and plump appearance of Robbins when he returned to his desk one month after leaving it.

"As a matter of fact, Perkins," said Fox to me one evening shortly after their return, "it was a mighty risky thing to do, but I simply couldn't tear myself away. I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that it's pretty much a settled thing between Miss Barnes and me, and, of course, under the circumstances, I just had to stay."

Now this rather surprised me, as I hardly thought there had been time for anything so serious as that, but Fox explained that he was no slouch when it came to love making, and that it was all just as he said, but that I must not say anything about it yet, particularly to Robbins, "because," said he, "Robbins has got a fool idea that the girl is stuck on him, which is all nonsense."

This prophecy about Robbins proved to be entirely correct. I came across him that same evening gazing in a meditative way at the ground and poking holes in it with his walking cane.

"Robbins," said I, "you look as though you had something on your mind. What's the matter?"

"Why, the truth is," said he, "I have got something on my mind, and if you'll promise to keep it quiet I'll tell you about it."

"I won't say a word to anybody," said I. "If you don't want me to. What is it?"

Robbins looked carefully up and down the street and then toward the sky, as if he thought there might be some one eavesdropping in a balloon, and then said :

"I am thinking about getting married."

"Ho!" said I, "is that so?"

Who are you going to marry?" "Why, a girl I met at Bar Harbor, Miss Barnes, you know. By George Perkins, she's a girl among a thousand. Of course, we haven't got the day fixed, or anything like that, but it's all right."

"You haven't got any rivals, have you?" said I. "No one," said Robbins. "Fox has an idea that he has a chance with her himself, but he's a conceited idiot. Don't you think we might go and take a ball?"

These disclosures possessed a certain amount of interest. Barnes being a millionaire, his daughter was rather a valuable prize, aside from her charms of person, which Robbins had been inclined to dilate upon. However, it was no affair of mine, so I left Fox and Robbins to their own devices, which I understood consisted largely in frustrating the detective efforts of a shipping clerk in the hardware house who had been deprived of his vacation entirely by the long absence of Robbins, and who displayed a dangerous inclination to probe the whole thing to the bottom.

III.

It must have been about six weeks or two months after all this that I was seated one day in my office when the door was flung violently open and in rushed Fox and Robbins in a state of excitement that can only be described as tumultuous.

Fox had a telegram which he attempted to read, but Robbins, being apparently very anxious to snatch it away from him and read it himself, he was not able to convey its contents very clearly. Finally, at my earnest request, they stopped their scuffling and became a little bit rational.

"Barnes is dead," said Fox, sinking into a chair.

"Dead as Hamlet," echoed Robbins, "and he's left us \$20,000 apiece."

"But only on condition that neither of us marries his daughter," they continued together with the expression of deeply injured and defrauded men.

This was information of such a startling nature that it was several moments before I was able to thoroughly digest it.

"Fox," said I, finally, "what made him put that in?"

"How do I know?" said Fox, "unless it was that he got disgusted at the way Robbins used to hang around the girl when everybody could see he wasn't wanted. Maybe it was only natural, but it's confounded unfair to me."

"Well, I never saw such a conceited ass as you are," put in Robbins. "Why you hung around there yourself until everybody was sick of the sight of you. Why should they care anything for you, anyhow? I save the man's life. All you did was to beat him with a

stick until he was black and blue, and they didn't have a bit of use for you, either one of them."

You talk like a lunatic," said Fox. "You let the man lay around in the water until he was practically as dead as Hector, and then lugged him ashore and sat down and watched me bring him to life. Maria Barnes never would have married you, and you needn't think it."

"Well, now, see here," said I, "if this will wasn't in existence all the man's property would go to his daughter, and whoever married her would get the benefit of the whole business."

"That's very true," said Fox and Robbins, "but the will is in existence."

"Perhaps it can be broken," said I.

"Why, that's a fact," said they, and the more they thought about it the more enthusiastic they got. I suggested to them that it might be well to take their \$20,000 and let, well enough alone, but they wouldn't have it. Fox said that, of course, it would be pretty hard on Robbins, who wouldn't get anything at all, but he wasn't going to lose a fine girl, worth a cool million in her own right, for any measly \$20,000, and Robbins said that Fox had been talking in an impudent and disagreeable way, and he was going to get even with him by scooping the whole outfit. In this frame of mind they went off to hunt up a lawyer.

About two weeks afterward they came back looking very disconsolate. They had procured a copy of the will and taken it around to a number of legal lights, who had severely and jointly declared that it was an absolutely unbreakable instrument. It had evidently been drawn up, they said, with the utmost care, and any attempt to dispute its provisions was bound to result in an ignominious failure.

"Well," said I, "the only man who can break a will like that is the one who made it. Do you know who he was?"

"Why, yes," said Robbins, "it was drawn up by that fellow Peters, who used to go out riding with Miss Barnes. You remember him, don't you, Fox?"

"Of course, I remember him," said Fox. "Regular crank, though, and I never thought much of him. I don't see how a fellow like that ever managed to draw up such a good will."

"Well," said I, "I think you'd better write to him about it, anyway, and see what he says."

"Oh, all right," said Fox, "I'll write to him, and I'll come around and tell you what he answers."

In about ten days Fox put in an appearance quite radiant with joy.

"Look here," said he producing a letter. "Here's a letter from Peters in which he says he has had the matter of old Barnes's will under consideration, and he is of the opinion that there are several fatal flaws in it which invalidate it completely. He says if we are willing to put up the necessary costs for entering suit he is confident that the thing can be broken into ten thousand pieces. It won't be worth a continental cent."

Fox lured his arms and grew quite lurid as he described what Peters would do to the will. "I was deceived in that chap," said Fox. "He's a downright clever fellow."

The cost of court proved to be a little bit steep, but both Robbins and Fox put up their money with a great display of nerve and confidence. As for Peters's fee, Robbins said he would pay it all afterward, as it would be hardly fair to expect Fox to put up money for something he didn't get. Fox said it would be a healthy thing for Robbins if he made him pay half the fee anyway, but that he knew he wouldn't have the heart to do it. The process of contesting the will, guided by the experienced hand of Peters, went along very smoothly. Point after point was scored by this astute logician, who traversed little by little the labyrinth of the law. Between Fox and Robbins there arose, as the end drew near, a decided coolness. They passed one another on the street with a haughty air, and no longer frequented together the economical

lunch house where they had been accustomed to regale themselves. When they visited me they came separately and spoke of each other with evident distrust and ill-feeling.

It was therefore with considerable astonishment that I came across them one day as I was going through the park seated together on a dilapidated green bench, Fox with his head on Robbins's shoulder and Robbins with his arms around Fox's neck. Their eyes were closed, and they appeared quite lost to this world and all its variegated contents. Lying at their feet was an open letter. In idle curiosity I picked it up and read it. It said :

"Messrs. Fox and Robbins:
"DEAR SIRS—The Court has to-day decided the will left by the late William Barnes to be null and void. His entire estate goes to his daughter. She and I were married yesterday. You will find enclosed my bill for \$500 for professional services. Permit me to congratulate you on the entire success of your suit.
Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL PETERS."

Presently Robbins raised his head in an aimless sort of way.

"Fox," said he, "they didn't do a thing to us."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Paper Hangings.

This name is applied to the Web of Paper (Papier Peints) from the French signifying Colored Papers, usually decorated, with which interior walls are often hung or covered (previous to the invention of the Paper Machine), of the size called Elephant, measuring 22x32 inches were pasted together to make 12 yard lengths before the pattern was imprinted. But this is now regarded as unnecessary by the facilities of making web of any length. Upon the Paper it is used there is first spread a ground color with proper brushes, taking care to produce a perfectly smooth surface. The color employed is opaque, and these are mixed with size, clay, and sometimes also with starch, etc. Most of the ordinary pigments are used in the early stage of the art.

It was usual to have the stencils on ground color. Stenciling plates were usually pieces of pasteboard, one being required for every different colored portion of the pattern.

Afterward wooden blocks were adopted similar to those used in the printing of calico. At that time they were made of what is known as pear and poplar wood, causing them to form indeed huge wooden cuts on which the pattern is in high relief, as many blocks being required as there are colors in the pattern or design; each bearing so much of the pattern as is represented by the color to which it is designed.

The production of Paper Hangings has become a very large and remunerative business, not only abroad but in the United States as well, where the very finest class of goods in this line can be turned out, second to none in the world. The industry has been greatly extended and improved upon in this country within the past twenty years.

The Print Cutters, whose vocation is, after completing a thorough apprenticeship of five or more years, to prepare blocks and rollers for the manufacturer to place in his machines by which the millions of rolls of wall paper are printed annually. With the course of time the old-fashioned blocks were discarded and others substituted in their place, so that at the present day they are composed of the very finest mountain maple. With the improvement in blocks another great stride was taken by the invention of wooden rollers of the same material. These, after from three or five years of thorough seasoning, are taken in hand by the Print Cutters and the design is transferred thereon; then the work is so divided that each color forms a separate roller, when completed the whole forming a most beautiful pattern. The tracing upon the rollers is then carefully followed up and cut with small gouges and pinkers, hence the name of Print Cutters.

Their duty it is now after having cut the blocks and rollers, to bend

and manipulate the brass into all the different forms and shapes that may be traced thereon. This by the way is all accomplished by hand.

After finishing these in brass, they are felted and completed, and by means of modern machinery it is now possible to turn out from 3000 to 8000 rolls of wall paper per day upon a single machine. Some manufacturers have as many as 16 or more machines in constant use, using electricity as motive power.

The Stars and Stripes.

There is now no nation that is not familiar with the Stars and Stripes. In the seaport of ancient China the star-spangled ensign is known as "the flower flag," its brilliant dyes suggesting to the fanciful Chinese a ready figure of speech. So the wandering Americans are sometimes spoken of as "the flower flag people." To millions of men in other lands it is an emblem of popular liberty and human rights. To us it now means more than ever. It means a flag saved from dishonor, a nation preserved from disunion. The good Lincoln used to say during the war that though he saw that flag every day, he never regarded it for a moment steadfastly without emotion. To him it represented a Republic in danger. So, to-day, as it floats in sunny splendor from numberless spires and spars, on land and sea, in pompous folds or in the tiny leaflet of the children, we may well regard it fondly as bringing back the wonderful history of a hundred years. It glitters on the proudest frigate as it glittered first on the Ranger of Paul Jones. It floats peacefully from Maine to Alaska, and from the lakes to the Gulf as it waved amid shot and shell on the fields where the Republic was born and our right to a national flag was established. We do well to cherish a sentiment of passionate devotion to the flag. No star is blotted, no stripe crazed. It is the glory of countless homes.

"And when the wanderer, lonely, friendless
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet
and endless."

Coaling.

Harper's Weekly gives an interesting picture which may be witnessed at the docks where the great ocean steamships lie, unloading or taking in cargo. The discharge of the cargo takes place on the side of the steamer next the pier. The work of taking in coal is done upon the other side.

Great steam-shovels lift the coal from the holds of the barges that line her tall, black side, and send it hissing and roaring down the iron chutes that lead to the bunkers. The furnaces devour the fuel so ravenously that often a steamer, at the end of a trip, has considerably more free-board than when she started, and great care has to be exercised in stoking to prevent a list to one side or the other.

Up to the last minute, before the tugs swing the great vessel out into midstream, she takes in coal, and barge after barge is emptied, and still the work goes on. Enough coal is burned in one day to keep a block of buildings warm for months.

Some of this coal has already made one sea-voyage, coming from Pennsylvania and creeping along the Jersey coast to New York in unwieldy hulks that years ago were fast sailing-ships, but now have fallen from their high estate, and become mere drudges for their successful rival, the steamer. It is a strange thought that all this coal poured in at the steamer's side has been dug out of the mines only to make a path of ashes at the bottom of the sea; a path connecting two continents, to which thousands of tons are added daily.

To the average cabin passenger, snugly ensconced in his wraps on the upper deck, the depths of the ship where the sweltering stoker works are as unknown as the in-

terior of a volcano. But if a sight that is never to be forgotten is attractive, he will be repaid by a trip down the iron ladders.

The Bridge of an Ocean Liner.

Let us spend an hour with Captain Randle, of the American liner *St. Louis*, on the bridge in mid-ocean. He first takes us into the wheel house. It is a room about ten feet wide, with a curved front. A wheel about three feet in diameter is placed in the center of the room and you are surprised to see that the quartermaster keeps turning it almost constantly. You have always thought that he had simply to keep his eye on the floating compass in the box directly in front of him and hold the ship steady in her course. As you look at the compass you see the ship veering now this way and now that as she rolls and plunges, or as one screw turns faster than the other, and thus pulls the ship around. It is hard to make two independent screws go at exactly the same speed, and so this man at the wheel is busy all the time turning the ship straight. He has to fight the waves and the screws and the winds at the same time and he is a busy man.

This steering wheel controls the ship by mean of a small column of oil in a little tube. By turning the wheel this way or that the oil in the tube is forced up or down, and that opens or closes certain valves in the steam steering gear four hundred feet away, and the rudder is turned as easily as if a child had done it. In most steamships the steam steering gear is controlled by hydraulic power—that is, by water—but the use of a column of oil is an improvement.

As you look about, you see fastened to the cornice, directly in front of the wheelman a little scale in black with white lines marked off on it. There's a dial on it, and as the ship rolls you see that this is a device to mark the degree of a roll. You may notice that it takes about a second for every degree of a roll. On each side of the room is another long black gauge, and the dials point to certain figures, generally between ninety and ninety-five. These dials are little electrical devices, showing exactly how many revolutions the screws are making. The captain, at a glance, knows what is going on in the engine rooms.

Over in the corner of the room is another curious electrical device. It is a little box with a clock in it. The captain tells you it is the machine that controls the whistle in time of fog. The law requires a long blast of the whistle at such times every two minutes. By pressing a button on this little clock apparatus, and by setting the clock in a certain manner, the whistle is blown automatically for seven seconds every minute. There can be no error of man in that work. Just as sure as every minute comes around that whistle will blow seven seconds. Under the old way, when a man pulled the whistle cord, there was no exactness in the work. When the fog is over the button is released and the whistle stops.—*Harper's Round Table.*

A Preference For Stagnant Water.

The Arabs in the deserts have contracted a strange prejudice against running water, and will only drink what they find in some stagnant pool.

So much has this become a matter of habit with them, that while the most poisonous looking water agrees with them admirably, pure running water will make them violently sick in the course of a few hours. This prejudice is shared by most of the lower animals, and is often acquired by European travelers in Africa.

At first the stagnant water produces nausea and fever, but when once the system is injured to it, running water affects them in precisely the same way that it affects the Arabs.—*London Tit-Bits.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1896.

- E. A. HODGSON Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50
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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.
Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man; Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

A BOOK on "Deaf-Mutism," by James Kerr Love, M.D., aurist to the Glasgow (Scotland) Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has just been published by the MacMillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City. It is a clinical and pathological study of deaf-mutes. It deals quite comprehensively with deaf-mutism in general, and has chapters on "General Character of Deaf-Mutes;" "The Ear and Hearing Power of Deaf-Mutes;" "Congenital Deafness;" "Acquired Deafness;" "The Morbid Anatomy of Deaf-Mutism;" "The Diagnosis, Prognosis and Treatment of Deaf-Mutism;" "The Census Returns;" "On the Education of Deaf-Mutes—Historical;" "The Uneducated Deaf-Mute;" "Systems of Education;" "Results of Education;" "Present State of Education;" and a chapter on miscellaneous matters, such as the employments of the deaf, their industrial training, and their legal status in England and Scotland.

The book is a cloth-bound octavo of 370 pages, and contains fifteen illustrations, most of which relate to the anatomy of the ear, the others being the Dalgarno alphabet, the single and double-hand alphabets, and an "organ tonometer" for testing the appreciation of differences of pitch.

The author deals principally with the deaf of Great Britain, though there are occasional references to exceptional cases in the United States. It is a book that will form a valuable addition to the literature upon the deaf, and should be placed in the libraries of all our institutions for the deaf.

The price is \$2.75, and considering the large amount of research and study required in its compilation, it is well worth the money.

THE marvelous discoveries that are making the last decade of the nineteenth century more wonderful than the preceding nine decades of the cycle, almost take one's breath away. The world stood bewildered and incredulous when Bell announced his discovery and invention of the telephone; and we all know what a sensation was produced when the cable flashed the information about Roentgen's discovery of the wonderful X rays, that would photograph the entire skeleton of living beings. Another startling invention is now disclosed, which it is said will enable one to see by wire just as the telephone enables one to hear. And more wonderful than all this is the announcement that a scientist has demonstrated that parts of the brain will grow again in a living animal after being removed. He has demonstrated that after removing the lobe of the brain which performs the visual function, the lobe, after a certain time, has re-grown and recovered the lost function. He experimented on monkeys. Scooping out the part that controlled the sight, the monkeys became blind. After a time, the sight was recovered, and by vivisection it was shown that the brain lobe had grown again. Of course, this may not result in the

same way with a human being, but it suggests the possibility of hearing recovered by a removal of the dead, or hardened part that defeats the transmission of sound waves. We would not like to be the subject of such an experiment, however. Still in the light of the past and the brilliance of the present, nothing seems impossible.

"The Exponent" has at last succumbed to the inevitable fate of "independent" newspapers. With the substantial aid and backing of most of the leading deaf men in the different States of the Union, it was found impossible to make it pay. Talent and energy were not lacking, but the ever-necessary almighty dollar was too elusive to make the paper a permanent success. Only those on the inside know of the hard struggle and self-sacrifice to keep it on its feet. There was no profit in it, and its promoters sought only to influence and advance the true interests of the deaf. Leaving aside its shortcomings, it must be admitted that the Exponent did much good and that its aims were praiseworthy. Its backers and promoters have our sympathy, and we trust they will look to the JOURNAL as the one paper that will carry to successful accomplishment the good work which the Exponent left undone.

It is said that Supt. Tillinghast, of the Montana School, has accepted the Principalship of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, at Belfast, Ireland. He is well qualified for it, and we congratulate our Irish friends upon their selection.

BUILT A MOUTH'S ROOF.

Building a roof in a mouth is the operation which was performed on Ivan Decker, a child eleven months old, who came all the way from Utah to New York to be treated. At the house where the operation took place it was learned that Mrs. Decker lives at Parawan, Utah, 150 miles west of Salt Lake City. The mother, with her baby boy, came to New York recently to have the operation performed which, it was hoped, would remedy the strange physical deformity that left the child without a roof to its mouth. There was a wide fissure on the left side of the child's palate, extending all the way back. This affection necessary caused great difficulty in swallowing, and if not remedied would in time have proved a serious impediment to distinct articulation.

Little Ivan was in excellent health when it was decided to perform the operation last Thursday, at the home of Mr. Ryan, No. 148 West Sixty-eighth Street, where Mrs. Decker was staying. Dr. J. H. Branth, of No. 116 West Eighty-fourth Street, who had operated in a similar case, had many of the instruments which were especially made for this kind of operation last year. About seventy-five instruments were employed on little Ivan, who was in the surgeon's hands from 11.45 to 3 o'clock.

The operation began with the partial incision of the two sides of the superior maxillary bone, which were then broken loose with little steel chisels, so as to fit together, closing the cleft in front. The two sides of the cleft through the hard palate were denuded with the knife and drawn together by means of four ligatures. Then two double ligatures were passed through the loosened portions of the superior maxillary bone.

The child had to be kept just at the point of unconsciousness and accordingly the application of ether had to be regulated to a nicety so that the infant was just under the influence of the anaesthetic, but not at the stage of complete narcosis. Early in the operation it became necessary to remove one of the child's teeth, and a dentist extracted the molar.

After the operation by the surgeon, the child was kept on its back for the first twelve hours in order to prevent vomiting as a result of the anesthetic. The little hands were tied to the child's sides, so that it could not put them into its mouth and tear out the surgeon's stitches.

A second operation will be necessary to remove the harelip, which is an accompaniment of a cleft palate, but this will not be more than an ordinary experience, and after that little Ivan will have just as symmetrical a roof in his mouth as any one and be able to talk with perfect distinctness when he becomes older. Ivan is a healthy, rosy youngster, and the construction of a perfect palate will make him physically perfect. This is the second case of the kind in this city.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Lightning strikes both way. It has made people deaf, and restored the hearing of others.

Mr. G. S. Porter since June 1st, has rode over five hundred and fifty-five miles on his new wheel.

Last week Mr. Alex. L. Pach spent a few days at Ocean Grove, N. J., where his family is staying for the summer.

Will Mrs. Wormuth (nee Margaret Tiedemann), let a lady friend know where she keeps her boarding house.

Miss Emma E. Gallagher, of Brooklyn, is spending the rest of the summer at Centre Moriches, at the Riverside House.

At Pleasure Bay, N. J., in the morning crabbing is good. Several deaf-mutes know it, and they are often there as early as six A.M.

Who ever heard of a Kentucky Colonel being deaf? Perhaps some of the Kentucky subscribers of the JOURNAL have, and can enlighten a reader.

"Why, Charlie's grandmother died this afternoon, and here he is at the ball."

"Well, you know, he's awfully deaf, and probably hasn't heard of it."

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter and their little daughter Corrie and Mrs. Hawkins, mother of Mrs. Porter, will be at Asbury Park for two weeks, beginning August 1st.

Miss Julia Cieselski returned last Monday to her home, at Onesta, N. Y., after a pleasant visit her friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Colgan, in Binghamton, N. Y.

Even the dumb who have never received attention in speech, have a voice—a coarse, horse-like voice, which many deaf-mutes have received special attention still retain.

A Kensington genius has had four wives, from none of which he was divorced. Now he has a fifth, and when she heard it she never said a word, for she is deaf and dumb.

"Miss Kitty, you have two deaf grand-mothers and a deaf aunt."

"How do you know?"

"By the way you screamed when I called you up on the telephone.—Chicago Record.

Mrs. George Homer is enjoying herself with her daughter and little children at Kennebunkport, Me. She has heard from her son and wife lately, who arrived at Lucerne, Switzerland, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Pfeiffer with their child and maid, after spending a couple weeks at Highland, are now at Lake George, where they intend to spend the balance of the summer, returning home about the middle of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Staffinger with their children, of East Buffalo, N. Y., went to Rochester on Sunday morning the 26th of July, on a visit to Mrs. Staffinger's parent and relatives. Mrs. Staffinger expects to remain there for three weeks.

Mr. Charles J. LeClerc and a hearing friend rode on a tandem from Pleasure Bay, N. J., to Asbury Park, N. J., last Saturday afternoon, in less than forty minutes. The next day they rode from Pleasure Bay to New York.

We are pained to chronicle the drowning of Charles Rist, a graduate of this institution. He was drowned the fore part of this month while bathing in a pond near his home, in Chantillyville, Ill. He was respected by everyone who knew him.—Illinois Advance, July 25.

A man recently tried to make "A. Quad" hear. It was on one of the New York and Long Branch boats. Thinking it might be the wheels of the boat that prevented "A. Quad" from hearing him he, the man, bent over and almost screamed in "A. Quad's" ear. After being told that it was no use trying to accomplish what medical men had failed to do, the man walked away to have a "smile" alone.—A. Quad.

From Necessity.

He—Marguerite, I sha'n't play with you any longer, you are very high-toned.
She—Why, I have to be; my mother's deaf.—Judge.

Deaf, Dumb and Poor.

HOMELESS GEORGE DUNLAP TRIED TO END HIS WREATH LIFE.

George Dunlap, 40 years old, deaf, dumb and homeless, tried to drown himself last night by jumping into the river from North Pier at the Atlantic Dock, South Brooklyn.

He was prevented from doing so by George Bishop, of 483 Hicks Street, who, after lifting him out of the water, handed him over to a policeman of the Hamilton Avenue station, where he was held to await examination on a charge of attempting to commit suicide.—N. Y. Recorder.

St. John's Church, Yonkers.

Quite a company of deaf-mutes attended the 7.45 P.M., service on Sunday, July 26th. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet acted as interpreter for them and baptized the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Q. Mann, by the names of Adeline Taylor and Clarence Cornelius. Dr. Gallaudet then addressed the congregation in relation to the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes of which he is General Manager. He expressed the hope that Mr. Mann's little boy might one day be a pastor among deaf-mutes.

Nature of Disease Shown by Gesture.

Anyone can tell the nature of almost any pain or disease by merely watching the gesture with which a patient describes it. Whenever any one is asked to tell where he feels pain his gesture unconsciously describes not only its character but its intensity and distribution.

A writer in a recent number of the National Board of Health Magazine argues that the pain gestures are always perfectly descriptive. With a little practice anybody can make a diagnosis with remarkable accuracy in this way.

Every one should be familiar with these pain gestures. They enable one to detect the real trouble even though the sufferer may be entirely mistaken as to its cause or its nature.

EASILY RECOGNIZED GESTURES.

One of the most easily recognized of these gestures is the one used to indicate pains of any kind in the chest. It is noticeable that when, for instance, the pain is widely distributed over the whole chest the patient locates it with a circular rubbing motion of the palm of the hand.

This gesture always means that there is a diffused soreness. But if the pain comes from serious inflammation it is always described by first drawing the hand away from the body and then, with the fingers closed together, or perhaps with the index finger pointed out and the rest flexed, the hand approaches the seat of inflammation cautiously.

These various gestures may be classified in such a way that they can be very easily remembered. There is but one disease in which the patient does not touch the skin when asked to locate his trouble, and this is appendicitis. Any one suffering from this trouble simply holds the palm of the hand over the diseased area when asked where his troubles lie.

All these gestures can be explained on purely scientific grounds, but the person who knows them can detect disease almost as well as the doctors by this curious short cut.

DIAGNOSTIC GESTURES.

The most familiar of all these gestures are probably those used to describe the various kinds of stomach pains. When a person is suffering from a very violent abdominal pain which is not inflammatory he indicates it by slapping himself vigorously across his stomach.

If often happens, however, that a much more serious trouble is mistaken for an ordinary, harmless stomachache. If a child, for instance, refers to a persistent pain of this kind and does not show by gesture that there is any tenderness or pressure there is probably some disease of the spine.

In almost all diseases the gesture indicates pain in a more or less extended area. It is easy to remember that in contrast to this any hip-joint disease will be referred to as a point inside the knee.

Other diseases of the leg are indicated in an entirely different manner. When one suffers from an acute diffused pain in the leg which is not due to inflammation, the patient grasps the leg firmly. But if on the other hand it be a darting or lancinating pain, it will be indicated with only one finger.

DISEASE AND GESTURE RELATED.

It is very curious, besides, to find that certain diseases are invariably denoted with some one particular finger and that the patient never makes the mistake of using another finger. The pain of "shingles" or hepatic neuralgia, is always indicated with the thumb.

A pain caused by the descent of renal calculi, or gall stones, is always pointed out with the top of the thumb or the index finger. The patient in this case follows their course with his finger.

In contrast to this, any joint pains are shown by a gesture in which the hand is spread out and approaches the seat of the pain very cautiously.

The degenerative pain of locomotor ataxia is invariably described by grasping the affected area firmly, indicating a hand like pain. Any change in the nature of this pain is also shown by unconscious gesture. If the pain be sharp and lightning-like in the leg the pain gesture is perfectly descriptive. It consists of an energetic downward motion. At the same time the hand is twisted as though it were manipulating a corkscrew.

A stiff neck is indicated silently by a gentle pressure of the tips of the fingers, the hand remaining meanwhile extended. The hand is held in about the same position to indicate a sharp pain in the head, except that in this case the palm of the hand is pressed against the temple. The gesture denoting toothache also more or less resembles these two. It consists in placing the extended hand against the cheek with considerable pressure. A little practice will make it very easy, however, to distinguish between them.

A tender muscle is indicated by pinching it gently with two fingers. A hip bruise, on the other hand, is shown by a pressure of the close hand. A pain in the side due to inflammation or bruising is indicated by a pressure of the tips of the fingers, the hand being kept meanwhile rigidly extended.

SHOWS HEART PAIN.

The gesture for any pain in the heart also consists of a firm pressure, but in this case only one finger is used. In pointing out rheumatic pains in the shoulders the hand is partly closed and the painful area is pressed slightly with three of the fingers.

Many medical experts place so much dependence upon these gestures that when a patient complains of one trouble and points it out with the wrong gesture they prefer to trust to the gesture in forming an opinion.—N. Y. World.

MARYLAND.

Walter William Garnet, the infant son of Rev. Daniel E. and Mrs. Mattie L. Moylan, died at Jhamsville, Frederick Co., on Saturday night, July 18th, of cholera infantum. He was ill only a week, and his sudden death was a shock and a severe blow to his parents. He was eight months and fourteen days old. The funeral took place from the house on Monday afternoon. Interment was made at Urbana, Frederick Co., and services were conducted by Rev. C. E. Guthrie, of Baltimore, assisted by Prof. Chas. M. Grow, Jr., teacher at the Missouri School for the Deaf at Fulton, Mo. who interpreted the sermon for the benefit of the deaf people present. We sympathize with the bereaved parents. Some of his friends sent him letters of sympathy.

Mr. Wm. McElroy, president-elect of the Society, has dissolved partnership in the cracker and fancy cake business, and hereafter it will be conducted in his own name. We wish him a grand success.

We expect to have a party of the Philadelphia mutes attend the picnic on Wednesday, August 12th. They will be guided by our old friend, Mr. R. E. Underwood, who is now spending his time with his brother in Frankford, Pa.

Mr. Albert C. Buxton came home from Talbot Co., last week, on some business. He returned to the country again last Saturday night, to join his family, who are spending some weeks with their relatives. He expects to be here again to attend his duty as the committee on picnic, one week before the opening of the picnic.

Mr. Harry G. Benson, the foreman of the Maryland Bulletin, has been signed to play with the New Freedom Base Ball Club this summer.

A boy baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Kampfe last Tuesday afternoon. Mother and child are getting along very well. Mr. Kampfe is proud of his son, though he has three daughters.

A surprise birthday party was given to Miss Bertha W. Kreisel, at her home, by some of her mute friends, last Monday night. Refreshments were nicely served, and a most enjoyable time was the result. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Amoss, and two daughters, Misses A. B. Barry, E. M. Schulte, G. Ford, of Somerset Co., H. D. Wells, B. W. Kreisel, Messrs. McElroy, L. Leitner and others.

Messrs. John A. Branflick and James H. Mooney went on a trip to Pen Mar last Sunday, and they reported having an enjoyable time.

Miss Maggie O'Neill returned home from a trip to Chapel Point, Va., last week, where she spent a few weeks, and had quite a lovely time.

Fred. C. Lurmann and Louis Nicholson went on their wheels to Rose Bank last Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. H. S. Anderson will go on a trip to Virginia, on August 10th or 11th, and spend some weeks with his relatives.

President J. A. Branflick, of the Society, went to Chestertown, Md., to see Mr. J. L. W. Unsworth on some business.

We are to have a nice trolley party next Wednesday evening. The car will start from the corner of Howard and Franklin Streets at 8 P.M., and will run the Principal Streets of Baltimore, then to Westport, and to Emory Grove, which is twenty miles from the city.

A girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feast. Mother and baby are doing well.

WILFORD.

BALTO., July 27, 1896.

My pen is at the bottom of a page, which being finished here my story end; 'tis to be wished it had been sooner done, but stories somehow lengthen when begun.—Byron.

In all ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. In these cases doubt and deliberation is of itself dishonesty.—Bishop Butler.

Take the JOURNAL—\$1 a year.

MR. BEGG AS A DEAF-MUTE.

A writer in *The Lone Star Weekly* relates in a recent issue a somewhat amusing incident in which Mr. Begg, formerly of this Institution, figured prominently. One day Superintendent Rose, of the Texas Institution, received a visit from a gentleman familiarly known as Mr. Bob Harris. Mr. Harris had, as many other folks do, his own preconceived idea that the deaf are a vicious, depraved and mentally defective class, that an institution for the deaf is simply an asylum, and the instructors simply keepers "whose qualifications consist chiefly in physical strength and personal courage." Mr. Harris resembled many other people in another particular also—he thought he knew more about the deaf and how they should be man aged than men whose life had been devoted to this work, thought this was the first time he had ever been inside an Institution for the deaf. Mr. Harris, aside from these little defects, was a very genial fellow and exceedingly fond of a good joke—especially on the other fellow. Mr. Rose thought, however, that what was sauce for the goose was sauce also for the gander, and concluded to have a little sport at the expense of his genial friend. In the midst of a somewhat long winded dissertation by Mr. Harris on deaf-mutes and their characteristics Mr. Rose gave a signal to a teacher present who went out and returned with Mr. Begg, who understood the part he was to play and was assumed by Mr. Harris to be a deaf-mute. As soon as he was introduced Mr. Begg pulled a tablet out of his pocket, wrote something on it and handed it to Mr. Harris. What followed is thus described by our contemporary.

Mr. Harris, who was still expounding his theory of the education of the deaf to a silent if not attentive audience, stretched out his hand in a preoccupied way, received the tablet and made use of it to accentuate his points by bringing it down smartly in the palm of his other hand, until his train of thoughts being disturbed by a shake on the knee by Mr. Begg, he paused, read what was written, hastily scribbled an answer, handed it back, and again turned to his subject.

He had just sufficient time to disturb the stillness with "As I was saying," when the tablet was again thrust in his face, accompanied by a vigorous knee shake. He turned full upon Mr. Begg and said, "Sir, this interruption transgresses the limits—Blame it, he can't hear! Let me have the paper."

As he was putting pencil to paper he stopped, and looking at Mr. Rose asked, nodding at Mr. Begg, "Is he vicious?"

"He is a man of delicate susceptibility of honor. Never intentionally insulting others, he expects like treatment from them. Looked upon as an equal, you will find him all you could desire that is pacific; crossed or slighted, he is a cyclone of indignation and outraged."

"I believe I'll sound his acumen while demonstrating that I know a gentleman when I see one," and settling back in his seat he commenced an interchange of ideas with Mr. Begg that lasted so long that the floor became whitened with the used and discarded sheets from the pad.

While Mr. Harris was giving his hand a vigorous rubbing to remove the writer's cramp, he asked Mr. Rose if he didn't want to go to town.

"No," was the answer. "Got a headache. See! he's got another question for you."

He again took the tablet, wrote at length, then handed it back, remarking to us, while mopping his forehead with a handkerchief, that "that settles the subject. I must admit that I have found him a man of profound erudition, which admission, of course, overturns my former belief regarding the extent to which mutes can be educated—Hello! Now this is too much! Don't he know when to let up? By Jove! he has started a new subject. Wants to know my opinion on fishing; which of the three, worms, crawfish, or dough is best to use. I see; he's baiting me! but I'm done, both physically and subjectively. I'll write no more, even if I offend a pride that to me seems to have no activity other than in the agile handling of a pencil, and questionable accomplishment of successfully pumping a man dry. If, when I retire, he should show indications of a desire for pugilistic exercise, I wish some one would demonstrate to him that he has no cause for offense, since he took me for a sucker and no blame should attach to me if I follow the nature of the fish and refuse to bite," and throwing the tablet on the seat beside him, he rushed into the office, while Mr. Rose sauntered off toward the barn.

Mr. Begg immediately followed the gentleman into the office, and when Mr. Harris desisted him, he appeared for a moment to hesitate between making a stand of it or accomplishing an exit through

the window. His apprehension, however, was immediately succeeded by profoundest astonishment when Mr. Begg spoke.

"Didn't you forget to return my pencil, Mr. Harris?"

"What! Ain't you a mute? Where's Mr. Rose?"

Long Distance Alphabet.

It is sometimes desirable for deaf persons to communicate with each other when they are so far apart that the letters of the ordinary manual alphabet can not be read at all and when even the language is hard to understand. In such situations, if the two persons are familiar with some kind alphabet they will find it possible to transmit messages intelligibly though separated by a considerable distance. If used merely as a source of amusement, a good deal of pleasure can be gotten out of it. While the various positions given in the alphabet are purely arbitrary, still it will be noted that most of them bear a resemblance to the printed Roman characters and they can all be easily learned in a few minutes.

The following explanations are given:

E, fingers touching on chest, elbows extended.

F, right arm crossed in front of body.

K, right arm crossed in front of body.

Q, left arm behind back.

X, arms crossed in front of face.

Abbreviations can also be devised if one's time is limited, and probably the most useful will be one to signify, "Do not understand. This may be made, as well as any other way, by whirling the arms, windmill fashion, in the air.

As each letter is made by the "sender" it should be repeated by the receiver if it is desired to secure perfect accuracy, especially when making the experiment the first few times. It will also be found that the dress of the "spellers" affects the legibility of the spelling. If the operator is standing on a hill with the sky for a background, it is best that he have on a dark coat, while if he has a grove of trees behind him, it will be best for him to lay aside his coat as the white shirt sleeves will be more distinctly visible against such a background.

Deaf-Mutes Married.

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 26th, 1896.—A unique wedding, which took place in Xenia and in which John Ernst Pershing, of this city, was the groom, is a theme of conversation here equalling politics. The bride was Lida Partlett, of Xenia. Both are deaf-mutes. The Rev. R. G. Ramsey officiated. A typewritten copy of the ceremony was held up before them and they followed with the eye, while the minister traced the words with a pencil and pronounced them for the benefit of the company, if not for the couple themselves.

That order was followed until the direct questions of the ceremony were reached and Mr. Pershing, Sr., father of the groom, translated the questions into the sign language as they were spoken by the preacher. A nod, which was clear enough in its meaning, and given by each of the parties, sealed the contract, and they were declared man and wife.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

JULY.
31—7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester.
AUGUST.
2—10.45 A.M., Holy Communion, St. James's, Buffalo, by Rev. A. W. Mann.
3—3.30 P.M., Evening Prayer, St. Paul's, Rochester.
6—7.30 P.M., Geneva.
7—7.30 P.M., Watkins.
9—10.45 A.M., Holy Communion, Christ Church, Binghamton.
9—8.00 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
15—Syracuse picnic.
16—11.00 A.M., Holy Communion, St. Paul's, Syracuse.
16—9.30 P.M., Trinity, Utica.
17—7.30 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.
17—7.30 P.M., St. John's, Ovid.
23—10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Rochester. Holy Communion.
23—7.30 P.M., St. James, Buffalo.
Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

A Nice Question of Law.

A wealthy German, intent upon a day's outing, wanted to hire a horse dealer's best horse and trap, but not knowing his man, the horse dealer denurred at trusting them in his hands. Determined to have his drive, the German proposed paying for the horse and the vehicle, promising to sell them back at the same price when he returned. To that the other saw no objection so his customer's wants were supplied, and off he went.

He was back in time at the stables, his money reimbursed according to contract, and he turned to go.

"Hold on," exclaimed the dealer, "you have forgotten to pay for the hire."

"My dear sir," was the cool reply, "there is no hiring in the case. I have been driving my own horse and trap all day," and he left the astonished man to his reflections.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshipped the "still small voice."—Lobell.

PHILADELPHIA.

Excursion to Almonesson Lake.

AN IDEAL DAY AND FAIR ATTENDANCE.

The Mutual Club's Outing Was a Great Success--The Games and Prize Winners.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Almonesson Lake, July 25th, 1896! That's the place and day on which the last excursion of All Souls' Working People's Club was held. It was an ideal day, and directly in contrast with the one on which the members of the National Association visited Atlantic City, just one month before; but, strange to say, the attendance on that cloudy, misty, and otherwise disagreeable day was much larger than on this later occasion, when the most desirable weather was had. There are two particular causes which may be supposed to have brought about such a state of things. One is the fact that the day was Saturday, and the other that the affair was not arranged in time to give it sufficient advertisement. Regarding the first reason, the strongest objection came from the ladies, and it was a noticeable fact that the men outnumbered them, which seemed to give their objection all the more emphasis. They claimed that Saturday most of all other days required their presence at home to prepare for the Sabbath. On the other hand, the men favored the day, inasmuch as they were granted a half-holiday, and so those whose business prevented them from attending in the morning, took advantage of the opportunity in the afternoon. Here one sees a division of opinion, with the men in favor of Saturday and the ladies against it; and it is quite unlikely that either side will give in before a few good lessons have been learned by experience. Unchivalrous as the men may appear by not acquiescing with the ladies, it is at most only a friendly contest and perhaps not worthy of mention at all.

However, small the attendance, it was none the less a social success, and so it is almost yearly. The committee on arrangements must have been thankful too that there was no drunkard to eject from the grounds, although liquor was sold on it. It can also take pride that it earned all it spent and more besides.

The Lake, situated in New Jersey, is some fifteen miles from Philadelphia, east from Woodbury. It is reached by trolley from Camden in an hour and a quarter. The Committee thus conceived the idea of designating the event a "midsummer trolley excursion" on its tickets, which cost only thirty cents. The route is charming, passing through the cities of Camden, Gloucester, Woodbury, and along and over part of the waters of the Delaware and past the now famous Washington Park. From Woodbury to the Lake it is through a beautiful stretch of country. The Lake itself is a beautiful one, and together with the grounds around it has only recently been transformed into an excursion ground, being now fully equipped with all the attractions of regular excursion grounds, including boating.

Cars run to the Lake at intervals of a half an hour, and this being known, the excursionists chose their own time to go. One large party started at 8:30 A.M. and another at 1:30 P.M., while others arrived as late as 4 P.M.

The morning time was consumed by enjoying the various amusements on the grounds, the toboggan slide leading in patronage. In the afternoon all interest was centered in the prize games on the open ground which forms part of the Park. There were ten contests, for each of which an entrance fee of five cents was charged, except the tug-of-war. Following are the games with the prizes and contestants, the first named in each case being the winners:

Egg Race by Ladies--(A child's set of silver-plated knife, fork and spoon) Mrs. Jas. S. Reider, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Mrs. T. D. Delp, Miss May Breen.

Long Distance Ball Throwing--(A glass boat-shaped celery dish) J. J. Tafe, T. D. Delp, H. Leidy, R. Ormrod, T. H. Mondeau.

Seventy-five yard Running Race by Ladies--(A Water Bottle) Mrs. Jas. S. Reider, Miss Mary Breen, Miss Irene Syle.

One hundred and twenty yard Dash--(Silver-plated Pepper and Salt Shakers) Chas. W. Waterhouse, H. Leidy, J. J. Tafe, R. Ormrod.

Seventy-five yard Dash by Men--(A Japanese Fan and Stand, 2 1/2 feet high). There were two

heats of this game, the first resulting in a draw between the first two on the list of contestants. R. Ormrod, Wm. Lee, H. Leidy, J. J. Tafe, W. Houston, W. Weaver, H. G. Gunkel, J. C. Bell. Second Heat--Wm. Lee, R. Ormrod. First named won. Shoe Race--(A Silver Plated Napkin Ring) H. Leidy, J. J. Tafe. This game was amusing in this respect. Mr. Tafe seemed to all spectators to have won the game beyond a doubt, for he finished fully a minute before his antagonist. However, when the stern judge called both before him and had examined their shoes, he declared Leidy winner, because his shoe strings were better tied and in even loops.

The judge was sustained in his decision by several witnesses, and the laugh was then on Tafe for his over-confidence.

Boston Game for Ladies--(A Terrapin Display Comb) Miss Katie Moyer, being the only that entered, was awarded the prize without a contest.

Boston Game for Men--(A Collar and Cuff Bag) George Ash, sole entree, was given the prize without a struggle.

Potato Race--(A decorated Japanese Cup and Saucer) J. J. Tafe, R. Ormrod, H. Harding, J. C. Bell. Tug-of-War--(A Silver Plated Cup).

All Souls' Club had challenged the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club. It was then found that the men wanted to form a team of four could not be had, so a mixed one of members and ex-members was chosen. Their total weight was 601 pounds or an average of 150 1/4 lbs. per man. The Mutual's team represented 595 lbs. or 148 1/2 lbs. per man; but the fact that they were all heavy weight made the two teams about in balance.

There were two heats in both of which the Mutual team was victorious. The teams were made up as follows:

MUTUAL CLUB.	
J. H. Mondeau.....	168 lbs.
R. Ormrod, Capt.....	148 lbs.
D. Wilson.....	134 lbs.
J. J. Tafe.....	145 lbs.
Total.....	595 lbs.
ALL SOULS' CLUB.	
W. Weaver.....	165 lbs.
G. Grime.....	190 lbs.
C. Yoder.....	124 lbs.
H. G. Gunkel, Capt.....	132 lbs.
Total.....	601 lbs.

It was intended to have more games, but time would not permit, hence the prizes not competed for were auctioneered off as hastily as possible.

R. E. Underwood acted as judge; and H. E. Stevens, as scorer.

Committee on Games--R. E. Underwood, Chairman; H. G. Gunkel, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Mrs. F. D. Delp, and John Kohlmann.

The Committee having the excursion in charge, was composed of H. E. Stevens, Chairman; E. D. Wilson, Miss Cora Ford, H. G. Gunkel, and Fred. Stumpf.

The excursion under the auspices of the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club to Woodland Beach, by the Steamer Thomas Clyde, on Saturday, June 27th, netted the Club over fifty-four dollars. The following contests were held, for which prizes were awarded:

100 yards Dash--First Prize, Gold Medal, won by A. J. McGahan, member of Club., Second Prize--Silver Medal, won by R. Ormrod, also of Club.

Long Distance Ball Throwing--Silver Cup, won by J. J. Tafe, member of Club.

Egg Race for Ladies--won by Miss Katie Courtney (hearing).

220 yards Dash--Gold Medal, won by J. J. Tafe--Second, A. J. McGahan.

75 yards Dash for Ladies--won by Miss Fannie Tarry, (hearing sister of John, a member of the Club.)

Shoe-race--Silver Toothpick Vase, won by G. Brantis.

440 yards Dash--Gold Medal, won by J. J. Tafe--Second, A. J. McGahan.

The excursion was not only a financial success, but also socially. Mrs. Chas. Partington was accouched of a fine girl, Wednesday, July 23d. Both mother and child are doing well. We extend Charles congratulations.

A. J. McGahan informs us that the American Rowing Club, of which he had been a member for four years, failed, and he and forty others consolidated with the Fairmount Rowing Association, whose building in Fairmount Park stands nearly opposite the Lincoln monument. The Club is preparing for a regatta that will probably be held on the last Saturday in August, and Mr. McGahan will participate in a single shell.

In going to his club-house one day recently, Mr. McGahan found a purse on a park bench, containing some forty cents and a paper with the name of the owner, a lady.

He gallantly returned it to her at her residence about six miles away, and she, blushing with surprise, offered him the money in the purse; but he declined it, and left

content with her smiles and thanks.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Roop is sojourning at Ocean City.

Mrs. M. J. Syle injured her foot, and is confined to her house.

Miss Verdie Cornog, of Wilmington, Del., and Miss Agnes Craig, of New York, are visitors here.

Joseph Dorfner has returned from Crown Point, N. Y., having finished his work.

Bernard Apprich, father of Miss Amy, died on July 16th, from the effects of an operation on a tumor, from which he had been suffering for the four months previous to his death. He was buried on Sunday afternoon, the 19th, at Northwood Cemetery.

Katie Keel, a ten-year-old deaf-mute, of 703 Marker Street, had both feet badly burned last week by stepping unconsciously into a mortar bed. She was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital.

By the explosion of a coal oil stove in the residence of Herman Belles, No. 4263 Penn Street, Frankford, two men and a deaf-mute child of five years were severely burned on Friday last. The boy, Wille Hemple, who lives opposite the Belles home, seeing unusual commotion, ran into the house, and came in contact with one of the men from whom his clothing took fire, and he was severely burned about both hands and face. All were taken to the Episcopal Hospital.

Wm. Maginnis was so unfortunate as to have his new hat blown away, while passing between cars on an excursion train to Atlantic City recently.

John Tarry, of Upland, is a regular weekly visitor of the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club.

Wm. V. Doughten is making weekly trips to Sea Isle City to join a camping club of which he is a member.

R. Ormrod takes a great deal of interest in Cuban affairs.

Thomas Brown, R. E. Underwood and E. D. Wilson, were an interesting triumvirate on Saturday's excursion, each being minus their moustache. As dominies, so far as facial looks go, they were simply perfect.

Mrs. M. Vancourt was the oldest lady attending the excursion to Almonesson Lake.

J. S. R. PHILA., July 27, 1896.

Oswego, N. Y.

Miss Emily Brett, of Watertown, N. Y., is in this city, the guest of her brother and sister. Mr. and Mrs. Welch, of No. 80 West 5th and Varrick St., will stay for a couple of weeks, and is enjoying her visit exceedingly. She is well liked by the deaf-mutes, and they call on her.

Mr. William Higgin, Mr. Albert Holland, and Mrs. Henry J. Lalonde, nee Helena Malott, intend to go to Rochester and Ontario Beach Saturday, August 1st, on an excursion in company with Ames Iron Works' A. I. Society, and if nothing happens they hope to meet some of their former school-mates there.

There are a lots of other deaf-mutes around the city, and from out of town going too. All expect to have a jolly time.

Mr. Henry J. Lalonde spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Demont Dewitt, of Southwest Oswego. He called on Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Fennell also, and had a grand time.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

JULY.	
31--7:30 P.M., Rochester. Service with the Rev. Mr. Dantzer.	
AUGUST.	
1--All day, Rochester. Convention E. S. D. M. A.	
2--10:30 A.M., Buffalo. Holy Communion.	
2--7:45 P.M., Erie. Evening Service.	
3--10:30 A.M., Erie. Morning Service.	
3--7:30 P.M., Ashtabula. Special Service.	
4--All day, Kinsman, Ohio. Picnic.	
4--7:30 P.M., Kinsman. Service and Baptism.	
7--7:30 P.M., Dayton. Service.	
9--All day, Cincinnati. Picnic.	
9--10:45 A.M., Cincinnati. Holy Communion.	
9--3 P.M., Cincinnati. Evening Service and Baptism.	
16--10:30 A.M., St. Louis. Holy Communion.	
16--3 P.M., St. Louis. Evening Prayer and Sermon.	
20--All day, Rock Point, Pa. Picnic of St. Margaret's Deaf-Mute Mission.	
21--3 P.M., Youngstown.	
21--7:30 P.M., Youngstown. Service and Baptism.	
22--10:45 A.M., Pittsburg. Holy Communion.	
23--8 P.M., Pittsburg. Evening Prayer and Sermon.	
25--7:30 P.M., Pittsburg.	

The Pastor and Committee of Arrangements of St. Margaret's Deaf-Mute Mission, cordially invite the brethren of Youngstown, Warren, Kinsman, Beaver Falls and other points, to attend the picnic to be held August 20th, at Rock Point on the Beaver River.

Next August 23d is the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, or Epiphany Sunday. On this day the deaf are requested to read the Gospel, St. Mark VII, 32-37, in their Prayer Books, and remember the work of the Church with their offerings. Those in the Austin West are asked to hand them to Rev. Austin W. Mann, General Missionary, Gamler, Ohio.

The 50th Anniversary Number of the Scientific American, New York, just out, is a really handsome and valuable publication of seventy-two pages. It reviews the progress of the past fifty years in the various sciences and industrial arts; and the various articles by the best scientific writers of the days are rarely written and richly illustrated. The editors have accomplished the difficult task of presenting a compendium of information that shall be at once historical, technical and popular. The interest never flags for a moment, and the story of the half century's growth is in itself a veritable compendium of valuable scientific information for future reference. Price, 10 cents per copy.

COLUMBUS.

Death of Mrs. Robert Patterson.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO HER LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Floral Homage Placed Upon Her Bier.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

"Death lies, on her, like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

She is gone from our gaze forever. Mrs. Rosa G. Patterson reached her journey's end Friday afternoon, July 17, at half past five o'clock. No one a week previous, who had then been acquainted of her illness, imagined for a moment that so soon would she be called beyond this life.

Her death has cast a deep gloom over the community wherein she was known and loved, and truly the deepest sympathy goes out to the four motherless children and to the husband in the sad affliction that has befallen them. Her maiden name was Rosa O. Gildersleeve. The cause of death was uterine cancer for which a surgical operation had been performed with the hope that it would save her life. But it proved otherwise. The blow is the more severe for she was in the prime of life, being but forty-two years of age.

Mrs. Patterson at the age of ten years lost her hearing. Being naturally bright, she continued her studies in the public schools of the city, where her parents resided, practicing to keep up her speech, and in this way she soon became a proficient lip-reader. In this she was one of the best we have ever seen. One not acquainted with her would never have known that she was deaf, so well could she read the lips of a person. She attended school at the Institution here for two or three years, and naturally was always at the head of her class in every study. After leaving school here she entered the Granville Female Seminary, near Newark, Ohio, and went through a two years' course. At its completion Dr. G. O. Fay appointed her a teacher in the institution. As a teacher she was eminently successful, being devoted to the work. No matter how dull her class may have been, she succeeded in instilling interest in the pupils and thus arouse their faculties. What is more, her happy disposition made every one feel that she was their friend, and thus she won their love and esteem. She never allowed cares nor suffering, whether in the school room or at home, to interfere with her work. A sunny smile was the greeting extended to every one.

On August 19, 1875, she was united in marriage to Mr. Robert Patterson, at Circleville, Ohio, by Dr. G. O. Fay. The union was blessed with five children, three boys and two daughters. Four of these are living, the youngest being but four years of age.

Mrs. Patterson was a member of the First Baptist Church of this city, and was a most devoted Christian, and nothing gave her more pleasure than to attend its services. By taking a front seat she was enabled to read the lips of her minister and thus understand the sermons. When she learned that her end was near, she showed no fear of the dread summons. She was prepared for the call and asked those around her to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," to her, which was done, Miss Annie Byers signing the hymn. A last sad tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the deceased at the family residence Sunday morning. Nearly all the deaf of the city, besides many of the neighbors and friends, came together to look for the last time upon the face of one who had enjoyed their love and respect.

The funeral services were held at 10 o'clock, and were conducted by Rev. Wm. S. Eagleson, a Presbyterian minister and former Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf, in place of her regular pastor, who was confined by sickness. Rev. Benj. Talbot interpreted the exercises.

The scriptures read were, Proverbs 31: 10-31, St. John, 14: 1-4; 1st Thessalonians, 4: 13-18. The first scripture selection contains an exquisite picture drawn by inspiration of a model wife and mother, from which comment the speaker drew attention to the main features of Mrs. Patterson's character as follows:

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." He has confidence in her character. She is genuine, modest and grave. She will take care of his interests with prudence and discretion. She will never betray his counsels. His plans, his secrets, his interests are all safe with her. She does him "good," and this is her care all the days of her life. "The interests of his person, family, estate and reputation she would promote in every way possible and always," her husband is known in the gates "when he sitteth among the elders."

What the husband is as a man in his character, reputation, profession and work, is due in no small degree to his prudent wife and faithful helpmate, who has stood at his side.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

Her prudent foresight secures domestic comfort, suitable food and clothing--scarlet for winter. Every verse is worthy of special comment. But the crowning feature in this picture of the model queen of the realm of home is that she is "a woman that feareth the Lord." A man who finds such a woman for a wife, has secured a treasure whose "price is far above rubies." Where are such women to be found? They are only reared in the atmosphere of the Word of God. They are the product of our Christian civilization. Every other form of religion degrades woman and makes her a slave of man.

In his remarks of a personal kind, Mr. Eagleson said: "She lost her hearing by disease and became totally deaf when ten years of age. She immediately began to develop the power of lip-reading without special instruction. She continued to attend the village school with hearing children, and got her education from the lips of her teachers whilst others got it by ear."

She attended the Ohio Institution for the deaf to prepare to be a teacher therein. She went to Shephardson Female College, Granville, O., where she completed her education taking an honorable rank with hearing pupils. She taught in the Institution for the deaf here about five years. So thoroughly did sight supply the lack of hearing to her, that she could converse intelligently and satisfactorily, with people who did not understand the mute language, on any subject with which she was familiar.

Her beautiful Christian spirit and temper were especially apparent in the sick room. The first evening in the hospital she asked us to pray for her and help her to commit her case into the hands of the Great Physician. She was perfectly resigned to the will of God. Not a word of complaint, murmuring or repining, escaped her lips. There was no look of anguish or suffering on her face. She exhibited the spirit of kindness and love toward everybody. Heaven seemed very near that sick room. It appeared almost as if the borders of the better land had been widened a little to take us all in for a time. She asked for a prayer in the sign-language, which was offered. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," at her request, sung and at the same time rendered in beautiful signs, gave visible comfort. She read in the doctor's expression his judgment of her case, and gave expression to her faith and Christian confidence as she said in reply: "Dr. I am not afraid to die. I would like to tarry with you all longer, but I cannot."

Later, to a question she said: "I do love Jesus and hope to live with Him hereafter." Again looking upward, as if, like Stephen, she saw the Son of Man, she prayed: "Come Jesus take me home quick, quick. I shall see my father to-night, and to-morrow mother will be here to take care for the children."

Thus her last thoughts were of her Saviour, her family, the Heavenly home and the friends therein. Hers was an abundant entrance.

Such scenes witnessed inspire the prayer: "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

At the conclusion of the ministers remarks a last look by those present was taken of all that was mortal of their friend. The features were natural, and showed no signs of the sufferings she undergone; rather did she appear in a peaceful slumber encircled by roses, which loving hands had placed there. At the head of the casket was a large wreath of roses and carnations, a remembrance of the Ladies Aid Society of which the deceased was a member. At the foot was a large anchor of white flowers from Miss Bierce, of Cleveland. The teachers of the Institution sent a large pillow of roses and carnations, with the word "Rest" in the center; Mrs. Heatman, Miss Rodman and Mr. Zorn contributed a beautiful cross; another came from the bindery, while the deaf of the city in general contributed a beautiful floral piece. The Dayton Aid Society sent a lovely piece, a lyre of roses and carnations resting upon a pillow, having worked upon it in blue flowers "Our Sister." There were many other contributions of floral emblems from friends to attest their love and sympathy.

The pallbearers were Hon. E. W. Poe, Dr. J. M. Robinson, Mr. George Ball, Superintendent Jones, of the Institution, Mr. C. W. Charles and A. B. Greener. The remains were taken on the noon Norfolk and Western train to Kingston, and from there conveyed to Hallsville, the birthplace of the deceased. They were accompanied by her husband, and daughter Bertha, her mother, Mrs. W. Gildersleeve, who had come from Denver, Col., the night previous, Rev. Wm. H. Eagleson and the writer. Arriving at the church, it was filled with friends and acquaintances. There were aged men and women who had known her as a child, those who had grown up with her, and a younger generation, who had met or learned of her; all had come to pay a last sad farewell to a truly good and steadfast friend. A short service was held and then all permitted to look for the last time upon the face of their friend. The remains were deposited in the family lot beside those of a brother, and thus ended the last scene of all. Farewell, dear Rosa.

"The blight of hope and happiness Is felt, when fond ones part And the bitter tear that follows, is The life blood of the heart."

Among those from a distance to attend the funeral of Mrs. Robert Patterson were Miss Mary C. Bierce, of Cleveland, Mrs. A. W. Mann, of Gambier, Mrs. J. B. Showalter, of Dayton, with Miss Carrie Lingle and Mr. A. H. Schory, of Minerva.

Miss Katie Miller, of Massachusetts, a friend of Mrs. R. H. Atwood and schoolmate of Miss Mary C. Bierce at the Hartford School, is the guest of Mrs. Atwood for a season.

Miss Nellie Dundon and Elmer Elsey were in Cleveland Sunday, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kleinhaus. They reported a pleasant visit.

Miss C. M. Feasley left for her home, Zanesville, yesterday afternoon, to spend the remainder of the vacation.

Last year every one was praying for rain about this time. Now its every one's wish that there was less of it. It has rained here almost every day of the week.

A. B. G. July 25, '96.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

PROCTOR'S PLEASURE PLACE.

The combined attacks of heat and humidity make little impression upon the temperature at Proctor's Pleasure Place, the big, white amusement bazaar on 58th Street, where cool and refreshing breezes pass through the open roof of the Palm Garden and penetrate to every part of the grand auditorium on the opposite side of the double stage. The atmosphere is always new and bracing. The one ingenious new wrinkle at this comprehensive place of amusement. The latest is the establishment of an aerial cycling arena upon the commodious Roof Garden, where devices of the wheel may ride in the open air from 3 P.M. until midnight. A corps of instructors take care of the new beginners; the experts need no looking after. Chairs and tables fringe the arena for those who wish seasonal refreshment. No doubt it will be quite the thing to take a spin on the roof between the vaudeville acts, or before or after the evening performances. In the Palm Garden the refreshment tables have been massed closer to the double stage, where the offerings are more diversified. The one new feature are John W. Ransome, masquerading as Mark Hanna, with political song and jest, and those dashing aerial performers, the Flying Co-Medians, all in their last week. Rose Melville, the quaint "Little Jay" of the Indiana backwoods appears with Claude Gillingwater in a funny sketch. Dan Collyer, whose notoriety is assisted by Rosa Mack in a character sketch. Dick Gorman, once fore most in the Burlesques, indulges in imitations of the Flying Co-Medians, all in their last week. Rose Melville, the quaint "Little Jay" of the Indiana backwoods appears with Claude Gillingwater in a funny sketch. Dan Collyer, whose notoriety is assisted by Rosa Mack in a character sketch. Dick Gorman, once fore most in the Burlesques, indulges in imitations of the Flying Co-Medians, all in their last week. 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